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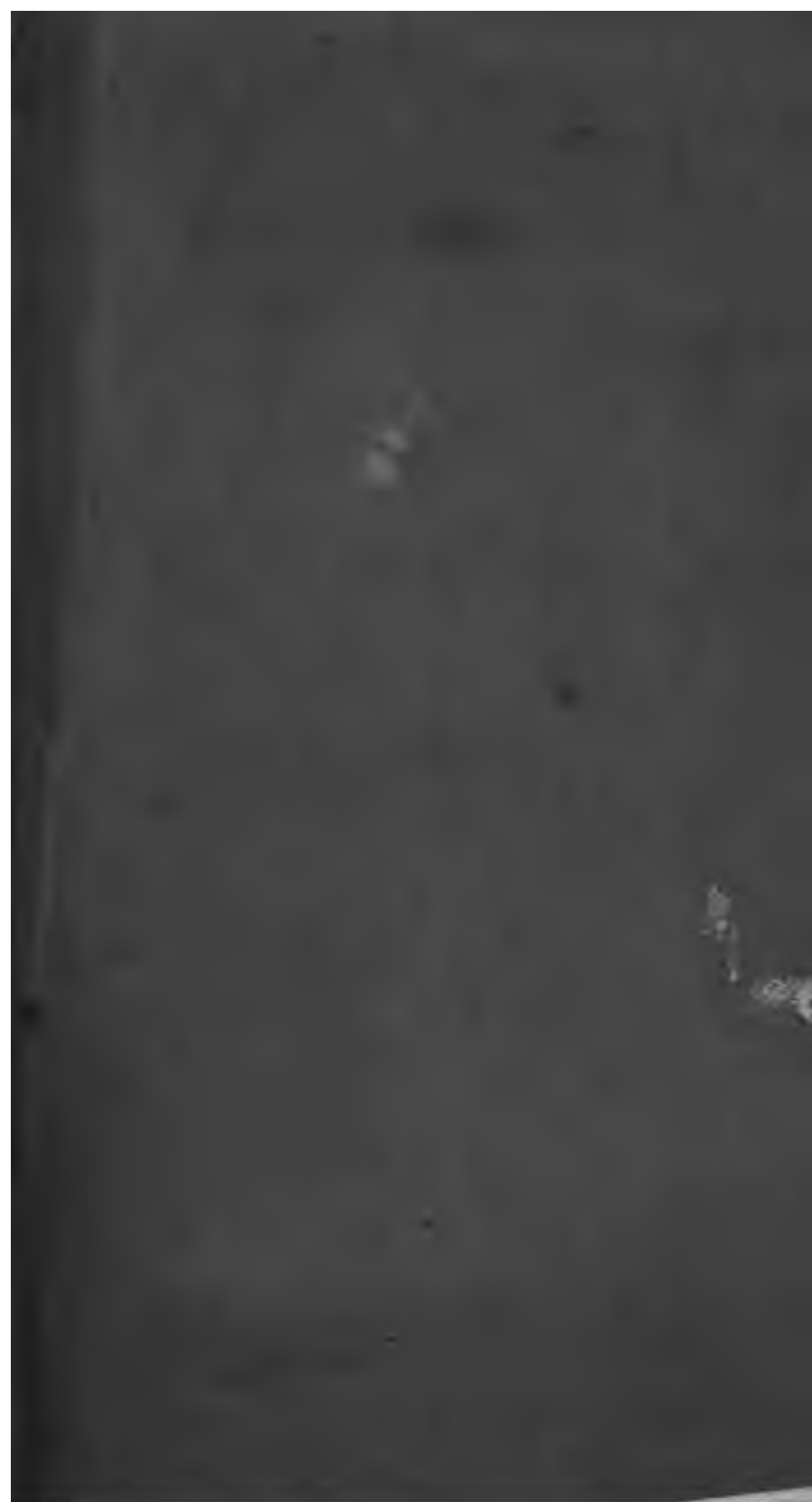
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AN

**A D D R E S S**

DELIVERED AT DEERFIELD,

BEFORE THE

**SOCIETY OF ADELPHI,**

ON THE

EVENING OF JANUARY 1, 1837.

BY LUTHER B. LINCOLN, ESQ.

GREENFIELD, MASS.

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Deerfield, January 4th, 1837.

LUTHER B. LINCOLN, ESQ.

DEAR SIR—

In behalf of the Society of Adelphi, we render you the most sincere thanks for your very pathetic, ingenious, and appropriate Address, delivered at the opening of the New Year, and most respectfully request of you a copy of it for the press.

STEPHEN W. WILLIAMS,	} Committee of the Society of Adelphi.
J. A. SAXTON,	
JOHN WILSON,	

Deerfield, January 9th, 1837.

DR. STEPHEN W. WILLIAMS,  
JONATHAN SAXTON, ESQ.  
COL. JOHN WILSON.

GENTLEMEN—

I am grateful for your kind notice of the Address before the Adelphi.—  
Though written in the spirit of friendship and local interest, and not for the public eye, it is respectfully submitted to the wishes of the Society.

L. B. LINCOLN.

## A D D R E S S .

Not in the spirit of gloom, my Friends, not in the spirit of gloom, but with feelings of deep gratitude to God, for his past favors, and with joyful anticipation of his future blessing, would we come, this evening, to mingle our sympathies, and wish each other a bright—a happy New Year. No, not in the spirit of gloom, would I come, to dispel the beautiful vision, which fancy or reality may have woven around your hearts; but to commune with you, in the tenderest associations, the holiest recollections, the sublimest hopes, which our souls are capable of cherishing. With every heart, that comes up to this temple to-night, animated by peculiar gifts from a bountiful Providence, my own bosom I would teach to thrill in unison. And with every breast that is heaving with grief, at the severe chastisements of a wise and merciful God, the fountain of my own heart is not so dry, that it cannot flow in tender sympathy.

My Friends, I feel that it is an hour for deep and solemn thought. Is there one before me, whose bosom has not throbbed with grief? Let me say to that one, the now happy year, whose evening we are commemorating, may number you with the mourners, that sorrow in our streets! Come, then, joyful one, and let us prostrate our souls together, and pray to Heaven for strength and fortitude. Is there a spirit in this assembly, whose existence has been darkened by the peculiar visitations of God—whose past life has been spent



amid scenes of unwonted grief and calamity? Come, dejected mourner, cast aside your garments of sadness, and mingle in a sweet incense offering of praise and thanksgiving—for our Father sees, at this moment, the fair sprig of happiness, which is to spring up in your path, this year, whose fragrance and loveliness shall shed an unspeakable joy over your future life.

It is, indeed, an hour for deep and solemn thought—and it is far from my intention to diminish its seriousness. I cannot, if I would, assume the tones of mirth or hilarity; and, I would not, if I could—for, we come to wish each other a happy new year—and the soul's pure happiness consists not in merriment, but in serene, contented cheerfulness. Nay, the sweetest strains of the many 'stringed harp' are those, which border, even on a soothing melancholy. Yes, respected Friends, if I were not permitted to come with these chastened sentiments, I would not come at all. I would bury my head, in domestic retirement, did I not believe, that this temple of my Father was filled with those tender recollections, and those Heavenward aspirations, which cannot do violence to the delicacy of private grief—nor mar the sanctity of the holiest place. Did I not feel too, that I am almost commissioned, this evening, to proclaim, with all the feeble energies of my soul, that a happy New Year must soon be overclouded, unless the Sun of our Father's countenance shine upon a path filled with the offerings of active benevolence and personal purity.

As we are assembled in behalf of a literary association, its exercises might seem appropriately to assume a literary aspect. But we would remember that the characteristics of refined intellect and exalted morality are most intimately connected, and calculated to exert on each other the happiest influences—that the ray of intelligence is never so purely bright, as when it is kindled by a spark from the altar of devotion. The purpose of true literature is to smooth the rough places of the mind and polish its rudeness with a chastening hand—to fill it with the love and prepare it for

the perception and acquisition of useful and elegant truth; and nothing tends so soon to effect this object as the cultivation of a spirit, calm in its own virtuous serenity, and animated by the warmth of religious sentiment. It is a recollection fraught with abundant joy, when borrowing facts from the centuries that have rolled over us, that the highest intellectual eminence has been the property of minds most exalted in christian excellence. That where the understanding has penetrated farthest into the mysteries of creation, there also it has been destined to receive the most cheering beams from its Father's countenance. When the intellect of the mighty Newton took those majestic flights into the immensity of God's works, ere the journeyings were finished, the sublime calculations of the scholar and enquirer seemed to the mind that made them but a few faint emanations of the bright light in which his soul had been basking. And when, at length, those immortal labors were ended, the world's admiration of the gigantic mind yielded only to a sublime respect for the devoted christian.

The noble Locke, too, though he fathomed wide and deep the secret chambers of the human soul—pondered upon its retiring energies, and analyzed its springs of emotions—yet found no resting place so sacred as that 'holy of holies,' wherein is erected the altar of religious faith—on which burns the incense of christian devotion. Yea, and when the fortunate Gallileo, after inventing that magic instrument, by which he counted the spangled heavens, as our eyes do the pebbly shore, felt his earthly strength fail him, in the hour of cruelty and dark persecution, the angel of God seems to have come down, and spread his wings over him, in the form of strong faith and unshaken principle—filling the martyr with a fortitude, which has reflected undying glory on the cause of science and religion.

Here, my Friends, we are pointed to the true and highest end of intellectual cultivation—and in looking upon your happy association, it is with reference to this fruit of your labors, that I would particularly offer you my congrat-

ulations. Your social meetings are calculated to make the heart better—to call off the affections from the tumultuous scenes—the angry scenes—the demoralizing scenes—the wicked scenes of life—to destroy a love of low and unmanly pleasures, and fill the hours with better thoughts and nobler affections—and by rubbing down and polishing the repulsive points of individual character—by exciting and calling forth to view those refined and chaste sentiments, which others may love and respect—and by preparing the mind for a more quick and easy perception of useful truth, and the enforcing it on other hearts—at length, to teach the intellect to turn from the contemplation of common truths to those everlasting sentiments of virtue, which are to be the food of the spiritual man, in the distant ages of eternity.

In offering my congratulations then, gentlemen, to your association, I repeat, I must be permitted to look with a supreme regard to its moral aspect—to its power of promoting your own spiritual, as well as intellectual improvement—supported by an earnest wish to contribute to the welfare of your associates. It is a sublime principle of action—‘the desire of doing good, in obedience to the will of God.’ It is a joyful, an animating motive, and must fill the bosom, which adopts it, with a zeal and perseverance, which less ennobling sentiments can never inspire. Yes, my Friends, we want the holy principle of a Howard, and then we shall breathe a Howard’s philanthropy. And if we cannot equal his sublime generosity—if we cannot go forth, sustained by his exalted and all-conquering benevolence, let us as duty calls begin by making some of those smaller sacrifices, which shall be hailed with joy by the angels of Heaven, and cannot fail to benefit our own hearts, while they diffuse a balm to those around us.

If circumstances do not call us to visit the pestilential cells and lonely dungeons of Europe or America—let us, every day of our lives, show at least, that our bosoms are not frozen by the chill of selfishness—that we are not indifferent, whether we exert a healing or a deadly influence

on the spirits of those, with whom we commune, whether we cause the bosom of our associate to glow with elevated sentiment, or to cultivate a love of what is corrupt and degrading. If there be any action of our lives, for which we shall be called into judgment, I believe, it must be for the manner in which we treat the immortal welfare of those, with whom we hold intercourse. Woe, woe, indeed to that being, who, in the hour of sweet confiding friendship, shall pour into the unsuspecting heart an infusion bitter and deadly.

In exchanging the congratulations of a New Year, it is a very pleasant reflection, that the conduct of the younger members of our community appears to be dictated by so good a spirit. There seems to be a determination to aspire after something more noble than the gratification of the lower appetites of man—a generous resolution to cultivate the better part of our nature, and put to shameful flight those demoralizing habits, which must ever, by a decree of the Almighty, so far as they are indulged, sit like a nightmare on the vitals of a village, paralyzing its moral energies, and exhausting its fountains of social and domestic felicity.

In connection with your society I would offer my congratulations also to the members of the fire department of our village, who, I understand, mingle their sympathies with yours, this evening. Such an association I consider, in the best light, as one of the fruits of an enlightened state of public sentiment. Its object is highly benevolent, and if properly conducted, deserves the countenance and generous support of every friend to humanity. No eye, that has ever gazed on a human habitation, enveloped in angry and devouring flames, and no ear that has ever listened to the piercing notes of mortal anguish at the desolation of the fiery conqueror, can but bless such an institution of mercy. Its members will please accept my kind regards and best wishes for the year on which we have entered. I feel it to be not a small privilege of this occasion, that I am permitted to congratulate them also, on the excellent resolution, I learn

they have adopted, with regard to their evening's repast. In banishing the god of wine from their company, they have refused a guest, whose visage, in times past, has proved dark enough, before the close of the entertainment, to cast a gloom, in the sight of every rational being, over the fairest table that was ever loaded with the bounties of God's providence. This is putting out fires indeed. This seems to be working the old engine to good purpose. God speed you, my young Friends. While your machine, with its water-power, shall ever be ready to succor in time of need, may your good and kind affections be always at work, to extinguish, by their moral powers, the unhallowed fires of every description, which if allowed to burn, would tend to consume all the generous sentiment, that warms the social bosom of our village.

Turning, now, my Friends, in our anticipations of the year, from our own neighborhood, and glancing for a moment, on other communities, may it not be devoutly hoped that the happy visions, we are permitted to indulge, with regard to the young men, of our own village, may be reasonably formed in reference to other villages of New-England—if possible of our dear native land—yea of the world. The privileges of the age, and the enjoyment of our many social and public blessings seem, truly, in some degree, to be working their legitimate end. The spirit of our republic has long proclaimed, that the general diffusion of knowledge and the extensive means of intellectual cultivation, supported by that strong pillar, virtuous public sentiment, must constitute the life and the beauty of our political fabric; and the very happiest fruit of this principle is the early advancement of the youthful mind to the temple of knowledge, and through it, as may be hoped, to the sanctuary of the altar of piety.

The soul of the age, too, is expansive, and is crying out for its proper aliment. A higher standard of action seems to be emanating from the exalted places of the earth.—Governments are adopting more generous principles of

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intercourse with each other, and encouraging the like disposition in their subjects. We see, in a word, less of the tiger and more of the lamb. This desire of maintaining pacific relations is by no means confined to a section of our country, nor to one continent of the globe. The temple of peace, I believe, has innumerable worshippers at this moment, whose sacrifices have heretofore been offered on the bloody and unprincipled altar of ambition and aggrandizement. And as the kinder affections of the human breast are permitted to operate in the world, man's noble energies will be turned to the holier exercises of justice and benevolence. The fountains of human sympathy, which the cruelties of earth have almost dried up, for so many ages, begin to be filled again with their natural waters, and to pour forth their streams for the comfort of nations. The capacities of the soul not chained down to scenes of carnage and devastation, seem ready to engage in works of human improvement, and inventions for the increase of man's daily comfort. And the farther the affections are withdrawn from the brutalizing and dark usages of depravity and misery, the more the intellect will be employed in what is beneficial to man; and the more the intellectual, and the less the sensual part of our constitution is brought into action, the greater the hope of reaching man's spiritual part, and elevating his moral character.

These principles and the happy consequences which would have resulted from their adoption, are so beautifully and powerfully described in the last number of the 'Young Christian,' that I cannot forbear quoting them.

"War is an utter perversion of all the powers that God has given us; and had they been from the first devoted not to the wholesale destruction of property and life, but to the diffusion of knowledge, to discoveries in science, and improvements in art, to the promotion of virtue, piety, and human happiness, what a scene of bliss and glory would the world have presented for ages past.

"Suppose that all the schemes of ambition, and cruelty,

and intrigue, were blotted from the page of history; that against the names of the splendid and guilty actors, whom the world, for ages has wondered at, there were written achievements of christian benevolence, equally grand and characteristic; and then ask, what a change there would be in the scenes which the world has beheld transacted, and what a difference in the results? Alexander should have won victories in Persia more splendid than those of Granicus and Arbela; he should have wandered over India, like Buchanan, and wept for another world to bring under the dominion of the Saviour; and returning to Babylon, should have died like Martyn the victim of christian zeal. Cæsar should have made Gaul and Britain obedient to the faith, and crossing the Rubicon with his apostolic legions, and making the Romans freemen of the Lord, should have been the forerunner of Paul, and done half his work. Charlemagne should have been a Luther. Charles of Sweden should have been a Howard; and flying from the Baltic to the Euxine, like an angel of mercy, he should have fallen, when on some errand of love, and, numbering his days by the good deeds he had done, should have died like Mills, in an old age of charity. Voltaire should have written christian tracts. Rousseau should have been a Fenelon. Hume should have unravelled the intricacies of Theology, and defended, like Edwards, the faith once delivered to the saints."

But, again I must repeat, the hour we are spending together is one for solemn thought. Say not, my Friends, that my views and feelings have taken too sober a hue for the occasion. Oh, no. We are standing on one of those conspicuous landmarks, which God has placed in the pathway of our earthly pilgrimage, to admonish his children, that they should pause and reflect. Yes, pause and reflect, soberly and devoutly. We are standing, too, in a Temple, dedicated to the worship of a village, in whose streets the voice of Jehovah has been heard, in its most solemn and impressive warnings. The sun has but little more than

performed his annual circuit, since I came to dwell in your blooming heritage. Your land was indeed laden with the bounties of Heaven, and your rural scenery was robed in beauty. But how long did the smile of joy continue? Ere the lovely tints of autumn left us, the wailing note of heaviness began. From house to house it travelled, in fearful rapidity. The heart of friendship was pained, as it went up and down the street, to tender its mournful sympathy. The newspaper assumed a melancholy aspect, and the reception of a letter thrilled with a gloomy foreboding. And the angel of Death did not cease to speak, till he had shrouded many a domestic fireside with unutterable grief, and many a social circle with lamentation and mourning. Yes, my Friends, and the distant soil over the bodies of those loved ones has had scarce time to give birth to its natural verdure, and can we forget these events? "Rachel is still weeping for her children," and can we forbear to sympathize with her? The "arm of Jehovah is not shortened"—and can we restrain a solemn meditation, standing as we do, at the entrance of a year, whose close is veiled by the curtain of futurity? No, my Friends, it is not my language, which should lead to sober thought. It is the visitations of Heaven, which calls to solemn reflection. My heart is but echoing a sentiment inspired by a messenger from the Throne of God.

Having thus visited, in spirit, the graves of those whose ashes repose in a distant soil, I must beg you to accompany me, for a moment, to our own depositories of the dead—those sanctuaries, around which cluster our most tender and holy affections. Is there a mother or a father before me, who has followed to its resting place, the dear remains of a child? Is there a son or a daughter, who has wept over the relics of an honored parent? Is there a husband or a wife, who has beheld the last ray of intelligence and love take its flight from the countenance of a cherished companion? Is there a brother or a sister who has received the last token of interest and affection from the heart of one



beloved? Is there a relative or an associate, who has, for the last time on earth, poured his sweet communion into a bosom now lifeless? If there be such an one in our assembly, I know that I shall not appeal in vain.

Of all places on earth there is none more consecrated to our feelings, than the resting-place of the departed. It is so sacred, that the spirit, which goes there to meditate and to view, finds itself enshrouded in an awful sublimity. There is indeed nothing there 'to molest or make us afraid,' for nothing is seen but the footsteps of death—all is silent and solitary. And still, the soul is visited by messengers from the upper world, and it feels as though it were meditating in the Holy of Holies. All our baser and grovelling thoughts are put to flight, and 'the tender sympathies and sweet charities,' seem to find, there, their happiest home. It is the nursery of refined, elevated and virtuous sentiment. But, my respected Friends, (and this is the point to which I wish to call your attention) notwithstanding this intimate connexion with another world, it is still an habitation dependent for its appearance on human attention. The objects that meet the eye, are many of them of human architecture; and the earth, which supports the memorials of the dead, is subject to human cultivation. It was, early, the ordination of Heaven, that briars and thorns should infest this earth, save the happy spots, which bear the marks of man's industry. From this decree, even the sanctuary of the dead seems not to be exempted, and man is called to bestow here also his useful labor. Amid the pleasant anticipations of the year, on which we have entered, I would fain indulge the hope of an increased attention to this subject. I ask not for yonder old and venerated spot any fanciful decorations. It is already beautiful in its own natural location and appropriate retirement. But I do ask, in behalf of that consecrated soil, which has embosomed the precious body, that knelt on yonder hill, in supplication to a savage form, I do ask for it, that nothing may be found to interrupt the footsteps of the visitor, as he winds his way among those

time-hallowed monuments, and that no object may meet his eye, that could do violence to a tender sensibility or a pure taste.

And that other ground, which is receiving, each year, your cherished ones to its bosom—so peaceful in its location, so chaste in its memorials, so beautiful already in its many objects of nature and art—if any thing can add to its present interesting appearance, let it be done, for the love we bear to the forms there deposited—and for the sake of the tender recollections and the sublime—immortal hopes, which are associated with its contemplation.

And now, my esteemed Friends, permit me once more to say, that, not in the spirit of heaviness, would I come to this holy temple, to throw a shade over your joyful anticipations, but invoking a smile from our Father's countenance, to wish you, from the kindest feelings of my heart, again and again, A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Deerfield, January 4th, 1837.

MR. JOHN WILLIAMS,

DEAR SIR,

In behalf of the Society of Adelphi, we render you the most sincere thanks for your beautiful and appropriate Poem, delivered at the commencement of the New Year, and most respectfully request of you a copy of it for the press.

STEPHEN W. WILLIAMS,  
J. A. SAXTON,  
JOHN WILSON, } Committee of the  
Society of Adelphi.

Deerfield, January 12, 1837.

COMMITTEE OF ADELPHI,

GENTLEMEN,

In answer to your polite communication of the 7th, I have only to reply, that my Poem is of course entirely at the disposal of the Association before whom it was delivered. At the same time I must beg leave to say, that it was written quite hastily and without the most remote idea of ever being sent to the press; to which in any other than the present somewhat private way, it would certainly never have been committed.

I am, Gentlemen,

Very respectfully, your servant,

JOHN WILLIAMS.

MESSRS. S. W. WILLIAMS, M. D.

JONATHAN A. SAXTON, ESQ. }

COL. JOHN WILSON, }

Com. of Adelphi.

## POEM :

BY JOHN WILLIAMS.

THE year has fled,—what thronging visions pour,  
As come those words, fled to return no more!  
And will not memory e'er bear us back,  
A while, o'er time's unceasing onward track,  
Recall the visions of the shadowy past,  
And o'er each soul its magic influence cast?  
How various are the scenes, on which the eye  
Rests, as that year's events it would descry;  
Changes of Empires, States, and more than all,  
Changes around the hearth, and in the hall!  
Sorrows, and joys, in quick succession rise,  
We live past life, as by the vision flies.  
Yet not of these to night! no sorrow now,  
May dim the eye, or cloud the joyous brow;  
The future claims the gilding rays of hope;  
Fairly its scenes upon the fancy ope,  
As from the mountain top the landscape spreads;  
Though dark the tempest hovers o'er our heads,  
We heed it not,—but to the sun gilt vale,  
We turn, and trust its beauties ne'er will fail.  
What then shall claim my pen? I may not tell,  
To night, how Empires rose, how Empires fell!  
Of funeral dirge, of mourners' deep-drawn sigh,  
Of saddened heart, of rudely broken tie,

Of prison'd captive, or of venturous knight,  
 Who bleeds that ladies smiles may bless his sight;  
 Of reverend monk—nor yet of fairy ground  
 Where oft is heard, the elf bell's tinkling sound;  
 Of gloomier visions of the northern bard;  
 Dark Odins' hall, of conflict stout and hard,  
 Of tented plain, or banner'd list,—or field,  
 Where man 'gainst man the murderous steel doth wield,  
 I sing not. What shall the muse engage?  
 An humbler, yet more varied theme, THE AGE.—  
 The Age! methinks your choice is vastly odd,  
 Cries one who poetry's fair path hath trod.  
 I hoped a sonnet that would draw a tear,  
 On little lamb, or something sweet and dear!  
 The age—'tis downright, positively dull!  
 When of inventions too the world is full;  
 Why not of steamboat, or of rail roads sing,  
 Or of some universal useful thing?  
 Rest you, dear madam, rest dear sir, I pray,  
 On all your themes I still may something say,  
 And though I neither cause to smile, nor weep;  
 I may, alas the thought, induce sweet sleep!  
 Yet politicks shall not engage my verse,  
 Nor local jars and scenes will it rehearse;  
 Nor aught that tells of quarrel or of strife,  
 Though with these pests, this earth is ever rife!  
 For when the circling year begins its way,  
 Old feuds should buried be, entombed for aye;  
 And memory's page, a scroll, on which should dwell  
 No words but those that charity doth tell,  
 No scenes but those that friendship's glow do wear,  
 No acts but raise the smile or joyous tear;  
 And heaven forbid that aught should cast a blight  
 On the kind feelings of this festal night!  
 Yet 'tis the literary age I sing,  
 For that my muse would plume her humble wing!

" 'Tis education forms the common mind,  
 Just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined."  
 So sung Dan Pope, and so sings every bard,  
 Who in this age of reason would be heard.  
 And literature, the watchword of the day,  
 'Mongst high and low obtains an equal sway!  
 And what is literature? 'tis naught of evil—  
 A Poem—a grave Essay and a novel!  
 Oh for Cervantes' power to tell the while,  
 Of those that lay their offerings on the pile;—  
 To paint with his, the Spanish wit's gay pen,  
 Each form reposing in its dusky den!  
 First see the poet, pent in attic high,  
 With matted locks and wildly rolling eye;  
 Here he pens "Musings on a stormy night,"  
 Or "Invocation to the Northern light,"  
 A brief translation from the famous Schiller,  
 "A monody upon a caterpillar;"  
 A coxcomb both in rhyme, in dress, and wit,  
 From theme to theme like painted fly doth flit!  
 What shall I call the taste of such fair bards?  
 What is the name that fame to them awards?  
 'Tis "fireside poets," who ne'er see the light,  
 Save through a crimson curtain draped with white;  
 To whom the lamp 's an image of the sun;  
 The smoked cigar tells of a race that 's run;  
 The candle snuff, of worn heart torn asunder;  
 And the fire's snap is quite sufficient thunder.  
 Their minima wit, superlatively small,  
 Dares not on nature and her glories call;  
 Or if it soar, like silly moth, it flies  
 Too near the flame, and with burnt pinions lies;  
 Proving the ancient adage of days past,  
 "The cobbler must not go beyond his last!"  
 And now the essayist who wrote a book,  
 That treated learnedly on slave or cook,

Or else **arenology**, that watchword call,  
To din and combat metaphysical;  
And wordy war: science magnificent;  
That tells the every dome 'neath which is pent,  
Each mental power; science benevolent,  
That finds upon the skull for passion's vent,  
Convenient bumps! science superlative,  
That mak'st this head, oh wond'rous thought, a hive,  
Where busy-bees of fancy minutely,  
Of passion or of intellect do fly,  
And like the real bee each in its cell,  
Deposits stores—that form the ceaseless well,  
Whence rise the thoughts that burn and words that breathe,  
For thee a votive crown I fain would wreath.  
But not of one unvaried leaf and form,  
Nor laurel glorious nor the bay leaf warm;  
But every plant should in the garland twine,  
From humblest violet to loftiest vine.  
And weave a crown various as garb of elf,  
As Joseph's coat—or chance as e'en thyself.  
On every bump some flitting flower should wave,  
Whose liquid odors every power should lave.  
Around the sides where caution is displayed,  
Where wit and vitativeness stand arrayed,  
Combativeness and conscience hold their place,  
And o'er the top, where skilful eyes do trace  
Benevolence and veneration,—there,  
Should pour their blended fragrance on the air,  
For wit, night's primrose, for its life is short!  
For vitativeness pine—the rude storm's sport!  
Combativeness should show the thistle's sting!  
Conscience—a lily pure to thee I'd bring!  
Though chance in some a rose of blackest dye,  
Would better shew thy colour to the eye!  
Benevolence should have the sturdy oak,  
But for whose aid the clinging vine were broke;

And veneration, ivy, which e'er climbs,  
 O'er ruins of old times and round them twines.  
 And memory, should not memory claim a flower?  
 Should there no emblem be of thy deep power?  
 Yes, Ethiopian calla is thine own;  
 And its pure form should ever grace thy throne;  
 Ask you why this a fitting flower appears?  
 It is a ceaseless fount of holy tears!  
 But soft—I thought a lighter strain to weave,  
 Yet fancy to my lyre brought but the grave;  
 Pass we then onward; for I fain would try,  
 That tears were banished far from every eye!  
 Sad thoughts from every heart, and only joy,  
 Should current be unmixed with grief's alloy.  
 The novelist next comes, and on the pile  
 He lays his offered gift, with blandest smile!  
 Would you the ingredients know, that go to make  
 His offering, and thus a lesson take?  
 That thou too may'st a fitting present bring,  
 And so in modern parlance do the thing?  
 Leave musty scholars 'midst their must to grovel,  
 And learn to write—oh mighty work, a novel!  
 First choose the hero or the heroine;  
 'Tis a hard task—but you must so combine  
 Fine forms—fair skins—and darkly flowing locks,  
 Features like Angelo's well chiseled blocks,  
 Looks that must burn—or like the fire flies' ray,  
 Dazzle, but in cold glory pass away;  
 A pensive grace, o'er her each act must throw,  
 A beauty rarely known on earth below;  
 She must read Byron, Moore, and so must be  
 A little blue—She may work 'broidery!  
 Write verses, or eke letters six sheets long;  
 Hum an Italian air, or opera song;  
 But never, never, may her eyes have seen



But above all, must *saintship* be avoided!  
 Some pretty thoughts on nature may be lauded;  
 Nay hero, or e'en heroine, may have heard  
 Of a thing called a sermon, horrid word!  
 That tells of dull old aunts, or prosing parson,  
 'Tis worse than murder, robbery, or arson!  
 Well then, to these two beings, heaven forefend,  
 That nature oft on earth, such things should send;  
 Add but a *quantum suff* of pride and pence,  
 It will make up for all their lack of sense!  
 And send them forth; but first I must observe,  
 The lady has an aunt that knows no nerve,  
 The hero has a guardian—a dull wight  
 That says his prayers at morning and at night.  
 Then have a meeting, and a thunder storm,  
 A scream, a swoon, 'tis all in usual form!  
 Some pretty letters redolent of love,  
 A brook, a meadow and a shady grove,  
 An oath, a vow, beneath the cold, cold moon,  
 A revelation, and then swoon on swoon,  
 Till aunt and guardian yield, and then, oh then;  
 Go borrow Lady Morgan's diamond pen;  
 And till the meeting, sigh, and groan, and smile,  
 Kneeling and bowing, speechless looks the while,  
 Till all their troubles end in a blonde veil,  
 An orange wreath, a robe with a long trail,  
 Jewels, and pearls pure as the snow's pure flake,  
 White gloves, fair promises, and wedding cake!  
 Send out your book to Harper and his brothers,  
 Saunders and Otley, or a thousand others,  
 Then take the votive offering in your hand,  
 One of the mighty genii of the land.  
 And is *this* all? can this age nothing show,  
 But moths like these who bask in nonsense's glow?  
 Yes, thanks to heaven! for did they not appear,  
 E'en satire's smile would alter to a tear;

Witness her name whose lovely form doth rest,  
 In hallowed fane, on ground by memory blest!  
 Though silent now, her harp no strain affords,  
 Though rent and all unstrung, its golden chords,  
 Yet still its tones preserved for time, do ring,  
 And of affection still doth Hemans sing!  
 And he, the bard of our own glorious land,  
 Though early run for him life's fleeting sand,  
 Yet called he forth for us, the culprit fay,  
 Peopled our vales with elf and fairy gay,  
 Gave being, where none ever gave before,  
 And brought from spirits' mine the fairest ore!  
 And though on earth, sad, sad indeed thy lot,  
 Thy memory, Drake, can never be forgot.  
 And he the mighty wizard of the north,  
 Who call'd king, knight, monk, dame, and prelate forth,  
 Who wielded with a grasp the sceptre high,  
 Of realm, of fancy erst, and poesy,  
 To us thy name belongs! and his, who gave  
 His heart, to passion's furious wind and wave,  
 Who for a paltry fame, his country fled,  
 Who fell, where in old time the proudest bled.  
 Ours is his glory—wild and all his own—  
 The mighty lord of passion's burning throne!  
 "Ye glorious spirits of the mighty dead,  
 At whose high touch e'en real misery fled,  
 Who raised the smile or drew the bitter tear,  
 Lords of the song and of the fancy hear!  
 And oh! forgive, if themes so proud and high,  
 Mock the weak notes of my poor minstrelsy;  
 Yet might your spirit, but my muse inspire,  
 With one faint spark, of your own seraph's fire,  
 Then would she venture on a bolder flight,  
 And wave her eagle plumes, exulting, in the light!\*"

\* Altered from Bishop Heber.

Nor yet among the living are there none,  
 Who may, great ~~sovereigns~~, grace your court and throne,  
 And as the humbler jewels, add their glow,  
 And o'er your names a fresher lustre throw!  
 Have we not him, the frank, the bold, the free,  
 True friend of jocund mirth and hearty glee,  
 And yet whose moral pure is e'er at hand,  
 Called into life by nature's magic wand;  
 Marryatt, whose very name makes us to sigh,  
 And hold our sides involuntarily;  
 And he the Dutch historian, and the sage,  
 Who from his elbow chair penned Salmagundi's page  
 And others countless—in sweet fancy's ways,  
 Whom but to name—would be the noblest praise.  
 Nay amongst all we own that nature is the cry,  
 Yet with how few nature's reality!  
 We see not nature when o'er lawns we rove,  
 Levelled by man, through snug and well trimmed grove.  
 Nor when amid a garden's perfumed glow,  
 We sit and list a fountain's murmuring flow;  
 When man we view all circumscribed by rules,  
 That wise men gall—but which may better fools!  
 'Tis nature when we list the startling roar,  
 Of Cataracts re-echoed o'er and o'er!  
 Thread the deep forest, roam the wide spread plain,  
 Climb the high crag or tempt the mighty main.  
 'Tis then we see the steps where she hath trod,  
 'Tis nature then no more, but nature's God.  
 'Tis easy, true, to sentimentalize,  
 Easy to fools, but irksome to the wise,  
 On every dew drop that the sun's first ray,  
 Makes for an instant gleam and pass away;  
 On every bird that ever opes its throat,  
 Or every rivulet and brook to gloat,  
 And tell in piebald jargon of them all!  
 Nightingale, *bulbul*—spirit, *esprit*, call,

And mingle with proud English, every tongue,  
 That 's heard or spoken underneath the sun.  
 And such thoughts oft the meed of praise may gain,  
 And many a sugared epithet obtain.  
 And they are beautiful in proper bounds;  
 Yet who could wish the same unvaried sounds,  
 Forever ringing on his wearied ear!  
 Can we not e'er to nobler themes aspire?  
 Can we not like the glorious bard of yore,  
 Paint nature as she is, can we not pour,  
 The flowing numbers on a theme so high,  
 And tell to man the "spirit's mystery?"  
 Can we not pass from soul and all its powers,  
 To tell the future life that shall be ours?  
 Can we not try with eagle eye to scan,  
 And "vindicate the ways of God to man?"  
 Forbid the thought, we dare not! yes, 'tis true,  
 That in our land with nature fresh and new,  
 No trace of blood to tell her broken laws,  
 None but was shed in freedom's holy cause,  
 The muse will sometime make her chosen home!  
 Nay, 'mongst our woods and wilds she now doth roam;  
 O'er spots where patriots fell she fondly weeps,  
 But then her lyre? it sleeps! forever sleeps?  
 No! lest the strain responsive to the word,  
 Scarce may the trembling notes be lightly heard;—  
 It swells,—it rises on the rising gale,  
 And now I hear the low and mournful wail,  
 The mighty song of praise, the sacred note,  
 And loud the chorus on the air doth float.  
 Methinks, it rises with the march of time,  
 And swells in tones more glorious and sublime;  
 Till bending angels lean from heaven on high,  
 And catch with smiles of joy the symphony.  
 Such, oh my country, be thy future fame!  
 Such be the meed, thy future sons may claim!

Not war shall crown thee from the conflict warm,  
 But holy learning yield the olive palm!  
 Till thy own glorious tongue is owned to be,  
 The tongue of honor, truth and poesy!  
 Dwell we upon this noble scene! behold,  
 Ere dawning streaks the east with orient gold,  
 When night sheds round the earth her holy calm,  
 Him whose rapt spirit learning's flame doth warm;  
 Who bends with speaking eye upon the page,  
 Replete with gathered gems of wisdom's age;  
 Or catches inspiration from the flow,  
 Of noble thoughts in genius' line that glow,  
 As first the mystic charm begins its spell,  
 Flushes his brow, his veins with rapture swell;  
 Earth and its cares are all forgot the while—  
 Nor heard the laugh—nor seen the jocund smile;  
 All, all his soul to one bright vision turns,  
 And with a Seraph's fire his spirit burns.  
 Yet 'tis not pride that dyes his blushing cheek,  
 It is not fear forbids his tongue to speak;  
 'Tis holy rapture in the converse high,  
 With noble souls of ages long gone by!  
 'Tis thankful love to him who made us so!  
 And tempered thus with joy life's path of woe!  
 'Tis glorious pleasure—pure, exalted, high!  
 Whose rapt emotions o'er his spirit fly!  
 And tell the flame of joy that burns within;  
 Joy, that to him who mingles in the din  
 Of earth, and if its cares can ne'er be told;  
 N'er felt by him of gross and earthly mould;  
 As unlike man the image of his God,  
 As all save form as in the senseless clod.  
 What though some few brief hours of life are given,  
 At its first dawn or at its setting even,  
 To poring sadly o'er the wearying page,  
 With mind unformed, or chilled by frosts of age;

Is this enough, when man's brief all of life,  
 Its dawn and prime with all their vigor rife,  
 Are but enough to glance at knowledge's shrine?  
 And deeply feel and own the power divine?  
 And though the cheek may blench, the eye grow dim,  
 'Though droops the head and fails the trembling limb,  
 Yea! though the form in dust be laid, we trust,  
 'The soul will from its prison mansion burst,  
 And wing its way to holier scenes than this,  
 When knowledge ceaseless yields unceasing bliss!  
 Brothers! I thought a little time to dwell,  
 On this our band, and of its pleasures tell.  
 Yet what remains? for ye have lately heard,  
 While breathless silence hung on every word,  
 From him your guide, your pastor and your friend,  
 What mingled joys in wisdom's ways do blend!  
 'Those burning words the muse her own doth call;  
 Refuse the notes from my hushed lyre to fall,  
 Nor dare I that its strains compared should be,  
 With such high truth and higher poesy!  
 My friends—this night it seems the poets' task,  
 'The New Year's pleasures both to give and ask,  
 And note the Old Year's, its joys alone;  
 For she this night must hold the bosom's throne,  
 But can I tell them all? 'twere vain to try,  
 For oft forgot like morning's dews they fly;  
 Yours, all the joys of nature's denizens,  
 Yours, knowledge's smiles, religion's benisons;  
 Yet to your minds I fain this night would bring  
 One blessing deep and of it fain I'd sing.  
 Within the year that swift has glided by,  
 Joy has aroused each heart and lured each eye,  
 When one well known in other years and loved,  
 Who long in sacred peace amongst ye moved,  
 Returned once more to this his ancient home,  
 Ne'er from its shades again we trust to roam;

Here may he tread the path he ever trod;  
Oh need I say the path to heaven and God?  
And may ye of the blessing prove your sense,  
By purest love and deepest reverence;—  
Ladies! we thank ye that ye deign to grace,  
With your fair presence, this else gloomy place.  
For though nor bannered list, nor tournie's strife,  
Can wake our slumbering energies to life,  
Yet e'en in literature, though strange it seem,  
And scarcely true the saying ye may deem,  
There yet remains so much of chivalry,  
That ladies' smile a proud meed yet must be.—  
Friends! all who are gathered here this festal eve,  
Some kind memorial in your hearts I'd leave;  
Yet what, I know not; unless chance it be,  
To pluck one leaf from friendship's fadeless tree,  
And wish to each, and all, both far and near,  
The fairest blessings of the New-Born Year.

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